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The
**SCREEN
GUILDS**
Magazine

IN THIS ISSUE

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Lela E. Rogers

Ivan Simpson

Gillmore Brown

And Others

September 1935

VOLUME 2 ♦ NUMBER 7

Price 20 Cents

The Theatre In Los Angeles ??

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Scraps of Paper - - The Assets Of A Giant Industry

THE sudden and untimely death of Will Rogers, actor and writer, occasioned millions of words to pour from lip and pen in eulogy of his artist's talents.

His loss as a man, his loss aesthetically is immeasurable. So is his dollar loss. That too is incalculable, and brings us, his fellow artists, face to face with an array of startling facts and fancy figures.

THIS one man was slated to make ten pictures in two years at an estimated profit to his company of five hundred thousand dollars a picture—five million dollars. His pictures were also the means by which his company would manage to sell a raft of cheapies and quickies, thus resulting in more millions. This merely represents the profit to his studio. It does not include the profit to the theatres, not only those which are owned and operated by his company, but thousands of other theatres, here, in Europe, in the most remote hamlets of the world.

Figure out this dollar loss for yourself. Ten million? Twenty million? Perhaps even fifty millions.

How much, do you imagine, are the estimated profits of the entire motion picture business for this coming year?

According to one producer—about four hundred million dollars. This staggering sum — **FOUR HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS**—will be earned this year by picture companies, distributors, and theatres.

WHAT do they sell, these companies, for this fabulous profit? **MOTION PICTURES**, the result of the combined creativeness of writer, actor, director, and technicians, the sheer talent of the artist. Put Joe Doaks, for instance, in those pictures which Will Rogers might have made, and what have you at the box-office?—nothing.

A few years ago, a banker, a gentleman who had never made a motion picture in his life, sold a motion picture company to another motion picture company for five million dollars. Outside of a piece of land, heavily mortgaged, and a couple of sound stages that were even then obsolete, what he actually sold was four scraps of paper, the contracts of four artists. Nothing more, nothing less. Those scraps of paper were in fact and in substance that particular motion picture company.

SCRAPS of paper, those contracts that bind the artists to the com-

By Ernest Pascal

panies, are all that any motion picture company, is or was, yesterday or today.

Last winter there was a great deal of talk about moving the industry away from Hollywood—to Florida—to New Jersey. This was not just talk. The industry would have moved away had it been necessary. Unlike the steel industry, or any other major industry that could not move because of the machinery, the buildings, the physical elements that constitute the assets of those businesses, the motion picture industry *could* move away because its assets are solely a handful of scraps of paper. A dozen great tents could be flung up overnight anywhere and with those scraps of paper, the business would continue without hitch or hindrance. Without them, the industry would be forced into immediate bankruptcy.

JUDGING from the profits, the millions of dollars involved, one would suppose that this is a major industry, **BIG BUSINESS**. It is **BIG BUSINESS**. But judging from the way it is
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The Beginning

“EXCEPT in case of extreme emergency, film companies operating at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios henceforth will work between 9 and 6—with no overtime.” Thus begins an article which appeared in the Los Angeles Examiner, Saturday, September 7, under the headline, “Fox Studios Ban Overtime Unless In Emergencies.” It goes on to say:

“This decision is the result of a year-long study of costs and efficiency by Edward Ebele, studio production manager.

“Limiting shooting activities to eight hours daily will mean a saving of at least 15 per cent in production costs and lengthen short schedules by the same amount, according to Ebele.

“The studio management has found that actors who worked twelve or more hours were too tired the following morning to give satisfactory performances.

“By operating eight hours we send

our players home in time to study their dialogue that same evening and they arrive at the studio the next morning prepared to work,” says Ebele. . . .”

HOURS of labor for actors was one of the most important discussions brought out by the Actor-Producer Five-Five Committee under the N.R.A., and among other things, an eight hour day was demanded by the Actor group. Under the date of September 9, 1935, Kenneth Thomson, Secretary of the Screen Actors' Guild, addressed the following letter to Darryl Zanuck, Vice-President in charge of production at Twentieth Century-Fox:

Dear Mr. Zanuck:

The Los Angeles newspapers of Sep-

tember 7 carried a story to the effect that you have issued orders that your future productions be limited in shooting activities to an eight hour day.

This is particularly gratifying to those of us who served on the Actor-Producer Five-Five Committee under the N.R.A. Our contention that overtime is a wasteful and expensive practice causing a lowering of efficiency in all departments seems to have been borne out by the studies of your production manager, Mr. Ebele.

May we offer you the thanks of our members for this most important decision. We are sure the results will prove its wisdom.

Very sincerely,

SCREEN ACTORS' GUILD, INC.

(Signed) By: Kenneth Thomson,
Secretary.

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Best Performance of August

INDICATING more outstanding performances than in July, twenty players from fifteen of the 42 pictures released in Los Angeles during August, received one or more ballots for the Best Performance of the Month, according to the votes of members of the Screen Actors' Guild. In July, with 38 pictures released, or four less than August, only twelve players in six pictures received votes.

The Best Performance of the Month award goes to Will Rogers, posthumously, for his work as Dr. John Pearly in the Fox picture, "Steamboat Round the Bend," and Henry Fonda, who played Dan Harrow in "The Farmer Takes a Wife", produced by the same company. Each player received a like number of ballots.

BORIS Karloff for his portrayal of Anton Gregor in Columbia's "The Black Room" was awarded the first

Best Performance

Will Rogers

as Dr. John Pearly in

"STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND"

and

Henry Fonda

as Dan Harrow in

"THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE"

Both Produced by Fox Film Corp.

HONORABLE MENTION

Boris Karloff

as Anton Gregor in

"THE BLACK ROOM"

Produced by Columbia Pictures Corp.

Frank McHugh

as Mike O'Hara in

"THE IRISH IN US"

Produced by Warner Bros.-First National

Honorable Mention. He received slightly more votes than Frank McHugh, who won second Honorable Mention for his work as Mike O'Hara in "The Irish In Us", which was produced by Warner Bros.

Henry Fonda, the co-winner of the honors for the Best Performance of the Month, is a newcomer to the screen. In "The Farmer Takes a Wife," he portrays the same role that he created in the New York stage production of the play from which the picture was adapted.

TWO other newcomers to the American screen received votes during the month which listed them among the twenty receiving votes.

With the start of the new season, it is anticipated that the quality of performances will improve, making it a still greater honor to win this award, the nod of approval from one's fellow workers.

Best Screen Play of August

FOR the first time since establishing the Screen Play of the Month, seven writers receive awards for the three best screen plays of the 42 pictures released in Los Angeles in August. Previously, not more than four were listed as the writers of the best screen plays, as selected by the ballots of the members of The Screen Writers' Guild.

For his work of alone adapting the New York play success, "The Farmer Takes a Wife," to the screen Edwin Burke wins the award for the Best Screen Play of the Month. Burke, under contract to Fox, has written such successful pictures as "Bad Girl", "Dance Team", "Paddy, the Next Best Thing", "Now I'll Tell" and "One More Spring".

Best Screen Play

"THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE"

Screen Play by **Edwin Burke**

After Novel by Walter Edmonds
and Play by Marc Connelly and John Elser
Produced by Fox Film Corp.

HONORABLE MENTION

"FRONT PAGE WOMAN"

Screen Play by

Laird Doyle, Robert Andrews & Lillie Hayward

Dialogue by **Laird Doyle**

From Story by Richard Macauley
Produced by Warner Bros.-First National

"JALNA"

Screen Play by **Anthony Veiller**

Adaptation by **Garrett Fort and Larry Bachman**

From Novel by Maza De la Roche
Produced by R.K.O.-Radio

FIRST Honorable Mention goes to Laird Doyle, Lillie Hayward and Robert Andrews for their screenplay of "Front Page Woman", which was produced by Warner Bros. It was adapted from the Saturday Evening Post short story by Richard Macauley, "Women Are Bum Newspapermen."

Second Honorable Mention, according to the votes belongs to Anthony Veiller, for the screen play, and Garrett Fort and Larry Bachmann, for the adaptation of "Jalna." This picture was produced by R.K.O.-Radio.

"To date, nine pictures have won awards as the Best Screen Play of the Month. Of this group, only the two listed above have been credited to more than two screen writers.

Accent on Youth—Paramount.
Alias Bulldog Drummond—Gaumont British.
Ariane—Blue Ribbon.
Black Room, The—Columbia.
Born to Gamble—Monogram.
Broadway Gondolier—Warner Bros.
Call of the Wild—20th Century.
Chasing Yesterday—R.K.O.
Close Relations—Europa Films.
Curly Top—Fox.
Dante's Inferno—Fox.
Dealers in Death—Topical.
Every Night At Eight—Paramount.
Farmer Takes A Wife, The—Fox.
Front Page Woman—Warner Bros.

Los Angeles Releases July 19 to August 22

Going Highbrow—Warner Bros.
Hard Rock Harrington—Fox.
Hooray For Love—R.K.O.
Irish In Us, The—Warner Bros.
Jalna—R. K. O.
Java—Basil Dean Pictures.
La Maternelle—Metropolis.
Lady Talks, The—Universal.
Mad Love—M.G.M.
Make a Million—Monogram.
Man on the Flying Trapeze—Paramount
Manhattan Moon—Universal.

Murder Man—M.G.M.
Nell Gwynn—United Artists.
Old Homestead, The—Liberty.
Old Man Rhythm—R.K.O.
Paris In Spring—Paramount.
Sanders of the River—London Films.
Shanghai—Paramount.
She—R.K.O.
She Gets Her Man—Universal.
Silk Hat Kid—Fox.
Steamboat Round The Bend—Fox.
Thunderstorm—Amkino.
Valley of Fear, The—Gaumont British.
Waltz Time in Vienna—UFA.
Westward Ho—Republic.

The Critics Reply Cont'd

IN July, THE SCREEN GUILDS' MAGAZINE printed a copy of a letter sent by President Ernest Pascal to more than five hundred leading Motion Picture Editors and critics throughout the country. Last Month, THE MAGAZINE printed a symposium of the first group of replies to the letter which asked, among other things, what could be done to get the screen writer credit for outstanding work.

Since the last issue, more letters have been sent and more replies have been received. Again, a majority of the critics have expressed an eagerness to aid writers in their efforts for recognition, if they could be shown how to do it.

OLLIE Wood, in a two column story in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, Saturday, August 3, keynotes the current batch of replies when he says:

"... Even Hollywood must have a reason for this system of collaboration. Its understanding and righting may pull the writer 'out of the doghouse'.

"That reason, I fear, is that screen writing, except in rare instances, has not yet progressed to the point it can accomplish a solo job. In Hollywood there is a bumper crop of first rate novelists, playwrights, short-story writers and newspapermen, but how many of them have discovered the ancient 'shoot-it-on-the-cuff' principles of motion picture making?

"HOW many of them have broken away from their old habits of writing to construct a story ever mindful of the camera's eye and so conscious of movie technique that it could be handed to a director as a playwright hands in his product or a novelist sends his script to the publisher? Obviously not very many, else why so many collaborations? Even munificent Hollywood would like to save a few salaries.

"Until this kind of writing is evolved the screen must wait for its 'classic literature' and the writer for his more general recognition"

"FOR as much as I hate to use the word, there's the element of 'hack' writing in most of Hollywood's product. In the first place, because a new race of cinema writers has not yet arisen, the screen cleaves closely to adaptation.

Your adaptor always has a 'warming-over' job, though in cases (as in "The Informer") he may exceed the original. In the second, even when original stories are submitted, usually another brace of writers is sicked onto the screen play . . ."

"... While we are waiting for evolution to bring about true screen writers, might I suggest one possible method of popularizing the present crop and making the public more writer-conscious? The Screen Writers' Guild boasts many high-powered names, presumably a force among publishers. Why not, under Guild auspices, publish in book form a certain number of film scripts each year, not for the sake of novelty, as was the case with the printed "Mighty Barnum" or "Silver Streak", but for merit and trueness to film expression? Maybe that would hasten the day when screenwrights would have the same dignity as playwrights.

"UNLESS I am being led astray by the vast number of amateur scenarists who weekly call the department, there is a definite market for such publications."

In his letter, Mr. Wood says:

"Would it not be a good idea for the Guild to send out, perhaps monthly, a schedule listing the stories on which its members were working? That might help to keep the screen credits straight in the reviews."

LEO Mishkin, in a column story in the New York Morning Telegraph seconds the suggestion of Philadelphia's Mr. Wood, when he writes:

"Mr. Pascal asked for a suggestion as to how screen writers could come into their heritage. The suggestion has already been made, and has already been acted upon. Gene Fowler started it. He had his script of "The Mighty Barnum" published in book form. Smart boy, Fowler. He knew that as a writer his medium was the printed word. Mr. Pascal and his fellow members of The Screen Writers' Guild might consider it."

IN a three column story in the Louisville Courier-Journal, Boyd Martin writes:

"... Certainly Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur got all that was

A Symposium

due them from critics and public for their work not alone on "The Scoundrel," but also on "Crime Without Passion" because Hecht and MacArthur saw to it that they were press agented above anything else. . . .

"... Something really has to be done by Mr. Pascal and his associates to establish the one deserving of credit and then he can be recognized. After all, Thackeray did write "Vanity Fair", Dickens, "David Copperfield" and Shakespeare, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," although I am afraid Mr. Pascal may believe that when the last named picture is released, it will be Warner Brothers' "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It probably will be."

IN a letter, Hubert Roussel, Amusement Editor of The Houston Press, says:

"Thanks for providing the good copy. Your case is a sound one and if any of your members read movie reviews in The Press—which they probably don't, but which I modestly urge as a good habit—they will know that down here there is an earnest effort to make cinema patrons aware that it takes more than a sublimated waitress parading in an Adrian gown and a million dollars worth of pasteboard scenery to make acceptable drama on the screen.

"I'm for you, of course, but I've taken the liberty of pointing out some more or less obvious answers to the questions in your letter."

MR. Roussel, in his column article, points out:

"... The favorite method is to assign anywhere from two to a dozen literary slaves to any scenario of moment, then to take parts of what each has produced and try to weld them all into a story (As a result) the reviewer sits through the picture, finds it good, perhaps, and sits down to write a favorable notice. If he is an honest and conscientious critic, he wants to give plaudits where plaudits are due. However, he is so baffled as to where the work (of one writer) left off and the work of (the next) began that he

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Little Orphan Theatre (With A Suggestion for Adoption Papers)

HOLLYWOOD—with the greatest collection of actors, playwrights and directors ever assembled in the world—

Hollywood—with thousands of screen workers vitally interested in the drama and starving for a worthwhile sight of it—

Hollywood—with a drawing population of a million and a half having at least an average interest in things theatrical—

And Hollywood—with no theatre worthy of the name!

Why?

WHY—when New York producers are going mad trying to find good plays and going even madder trying to cast such as they find—should the very actors and writers they seek be wasting their sweetness on the Palm Springs desert air?

Why should the men and women to whom the theatre is both inspiration and first-love, be compelled to go three thousand miles to see a decent play—to have their own plays adequately produced—or to act in a real production?

ANY indictment of Hollywood (and surely we do not lack for them) must include mention of this monstrous waste of talent. There are enough splendid actors, idling “between pictures”; enough excellent dramatists, expecting that next assignment; enough important directors, awaiting that completed script; to provide a season of plays the equal of anything in this country or in Europe.

All that is needed is a coordinated effort to utilize the forces already here and available.

In Hollywood, it is absurd to hope for the theatre to rival the pictures in importance. What it can do, however, and what it has not made the slightest progress toward doing, is to become an important and valuable by-product.

ACTORS, and writers, and directors, will never turn their backs on movie gold to suckle an ailing infant labeled Drama. All that can be expected of them—and that happens to be sufficient for the purpose—is the offer of their services at such times as they are not tied up in a studio. Such

an arrangement would involve no absence from the cinematic market place, no diminution of the time-hallowed privilege of giving one's agent hell, no danger of being out of sight and therefore out of mind.

And how is this millenium to be brought about, I hear—or should hear—from the back of the hall. My suggestion is that it be done by the Guild.

UP to now we have received our doses of drama from three sources: (a) a rapidly dwindling number of touring attractions, (b) from productions by local impresarios, and (c) from little theatres of all sizes, including the microscopic.

To take them in order, the road shows usually are either illegible carbon copies of some New York success or an “original” company from which most of the outstanding players have dropped by the wayside on the long trek west. In those rare instances when the company reaches us intact, the blight of playing the same show months on end has set in and the performance has all the freshness and spontaneity of one of those vintage phonograph records of the early Edison era.

LOCAL productions are for the most part simply stock performances, slightly disguised. The management pays stock royalties, stock salaries, provides stock sets and costumes—and certainly stock direction. Only the presence of an occasional picture name in the cast and the fact that the company disbands after each bill distinguish the production from the common, or (kinder) garden variety of stock.

The Little Theatres we have with us in abundance. They lurk in the most unexpected places. In quality they range from very good to unbelievably awful. The best of them ranks with any in the country, and yet its productions, praiseworthy as they are, are still separated by a wide gulf from real professional effort. Over the others it is best to draw the mantle of charity.

THIS, then, is our theatre. On these sources we are dependent for the plays we have and the plays we are going to get. It takes an optimistic soul to find hope in the prospect.

It is true that from time to time glow-

By Harlan Thompson

ing announcements are made that this or that studio is going to produce shows locally for the purpose of testing play-material and giving acting experience to their contract players. In these cases, the announcements always glow, and footlights never.

It therefore becomes a question of putting up with the kind of theatrical fare we are now getting, or making use of the surplus talents of our members. The success that the actors have made of their show at the San Diego Exposition should be proof that the Guilds are capable of giving Hollywood the theatre it deserves.

THE total membership of the two Guilds is 4810. Here is a ready-made nucleus for the project's subscription list. Surely there could be found enough outside patrons for a real theatre to insure a subscription season of, let us say, two weeks. With this impetus a good play, cast with one or more picture names, should certainly attract enough of the general public to extend the run another month. A longer run than that would not be feasible.

Naturally there would be difficulties. Much time and effort would be necessary to launch such an undertaking. At least one highly capable person on full-time salary would be necessary to direct the multitudinous details. Committees could handle certain phases of the work. Individual members could be called upon from time to time to assist in actual production.

THE question of pay for the participants is a troublesome one. There is no reason, however, why the author should not be given some sort of royalty, the actors at least a nominal salary, the director some compensation for his time—and still leave a profit. Commercial managers make money under far less advantageous conditions, so why not the Guilds?

In the case of outstanding names, it should be good business to give such a player a percentage of the gross, both to insure his willingness to finish the run and to insure the attendance of the Southland's myriads of star-gazers.

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Theatrical Dusk In Los Angeles

THE once famous stage try-out center, Los Angeles, seems to have entered a phase of obscurity. Theatrical old-timers recall the day when activities here glowed with glamor, and glittered with the fame of enduring runs. They will tell you how "Civilian Clothes" and "Abie's Irish Rose" fulfilled engagements lasting the better part of a year, and how that curious little play by Edith Ellis, "White Collars," went on and on like the chirruping brook for the better part of three years.

Going back even further they will chant of the days when Oliver Morosco and Thomas Wilkes made this a show-land Mecca—how Morosco presented the first production on any stage of "So Long Letty," "Canary Cottage," "Lombardi, Ltd.," "Upstairs and Down" and sundry other attractions, while Wilkes brought forth at the old Majestic "The Nervous Wreck" with Edward Everett Horton, "In Love With Love" with Mary Newcomb, "The Fool" with Richard Bennett—badly cast perhaps but a personage, and other promising plays that later won conquests in New York and elsewhere. Still further back in show history emerged "Peg O' My Heart" with Laurette Taylor, and "The Bird of Paradise," triumphant successes that stayed on the boards for years.

IN more recent days they will cite the popularity of such offerings as "No, No, Nanette," "What Price Glory," "Lady Be Good," "The Desert Song," "Front Page" and various other plays and musical shows which were speedily given on the heels of their New York vogue.

Not two weeks or three weeks did shows play here in those days, but three, four and sometimes even six months, with the public anxiously seeking admittance.

Even now the skeptics are confuted by the fact that "The Drunkard" is in its third year, albeit the show house where it is staged is a miniature affair. Will Rogers not more than a year ago scored a triumph in "Ah Wilderness," packing the theatre for the engagement at advanced prices. Occasionally some production that reflects superior novelty or showmanship appears to have its golden day.

Still there is neither continuity nor security in the footlight enterprise in the western locale. But does that security exist today in New York? The im-

petus and inspiration have evidently faded. The world has gone movie-mad since the talkies. It has become almost impossible for the stage, in any sense, to compete.

That probably is the first and final answer to the problem of the sinking spell which has hit both East and West. New York shows are fewer and further between; so are those in this section of the country. The difficulty is intensified here because this is closer to the picture-producing center, but even in the East the number of successes has been greatly reduced, and the number of plays even presented is two-thirds to three-quarters fewer than at the 1928-1929 peak.

THE depression has taken a huge toll. The play is more expensive for the audience than the picture. The play, losing many of its best people to the studios, is often inferior to the picture in those external attributes which count for audience appeal, like general acting talent, settings, polish. The screen can be mechanically perfect each day in the week; footlight productions are subject to variations.

Audiences in the nation at large cannot brook waiting for first companies to tour, they won't accept second companies; on the silversheet they can view the film while it is still hot news. Hundreds of neighborhood theatres offer even the most notable attraction today a few weeks after they have been premiered at the first run establishments. Public demand has made such distribution almost a necessity. People want the latest thing *now*.

IT isn't one thing, or two things that have reacted sadly against the stage here and elsewhere. It is a multiplicity of circumstances built up through the years, and given power and force through economic conditions. What the nature of the recovery is, how it may be speeded, is vaguely associated with the future, if there be any hope at all. A generation is rapidly growing up which does not even know the professional theatre of other years, or any year.

Otto Kruger recently played before a test audience of university students in "Accent on Youth", seventy-five per cent of whom were unacquainted with a production of that type. They perhaps knew the community playhouse,

By Edwin Schallert

but not the commercial theatre. In certain C.C.C. camps, before which plays were given, it was found that an equivalent number knew nothing directly about the spoken drama.

Dangerous signs, these, for the theatre, indicating as they do the complete obliteration of a popular desire for a traditional entertainment. Groups like these find all they need, it would seem, in the radio and the motion picture. If they have heard of the New York stage, it is a luxury far beyond their reach both financially and geographically. If it so happens that there is a theatre in their own town where plays are given, then it has been dark perhaps for many years, or else in a monetary way it has looked forbidding, in contrast to the two-picture bill at the perennially busy neighborhood house. So the majority of the younger folk are growing up in a drama-less world—drama-less at least from the standpoint of those who know the theatre's brighter days, even those of the New York-dominated twenties.

THE beginning of this century had seen a very great spread of the theatrical horizon. Most companies played their "hundred nights" before the Manhattanites, and then went on the road. A successful play would often be seen across the country the same season it was acted in the show metropolis, and certainly not later than the next season. Second companies were decidedly the exception. If they were second companies they had quality. They were sent out only in the case of super-hits. Productions lacked little of their native lustre.

That helped to build the theatre nationally to a great estate—an estate without competition, lack of which, of course, was bad as later expedients, used to preserve the road, showed. These expedients were inferior productions, elimination of stellar names, poor casting and oftentimes poor direction.

Overlooked by the managers, competition was, however, beginning to shape itself, but in such a crude way that it was disregarded by people that were distant from the source. The first blow was really struck in a tangible way

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Why Little Theatres?

LITTLE Theatres! Why?
Apprenticeship! Where?

Quite suddenly the flourishing legitimate theatre of the late twenties gasped and expired. There was much mourning because it carried with it huge bank rolls and lucrative box-office receipts, but it was the Hollywood of the middle thirties that was fated to feel the real loss.

From the advent of talking pictures it has been the legitimate theatre's province to feed them talent. Madly rushing to Broadway, Hollywood snapped up every known artist, great and near-great, then stood on the door-steps of the legitimate shows that followed and snatched their young at birth. Broadway flopped because Hollywood had its talent. Now Hollywood is feeling the pinch of killing the goose that laid the golden egg.

FROM the ashes of the legitimate theatre sprang up this thing called the Little Theatre. No psychological set-up or theatrical setback can stop the flow of new ideas to the budding playwright or the dramatic urge in would-be actors. The ideas and the urge demand an arena. The little theatre is depression's feeble attempt to provide an outlet for its creative and artistic newborn.

"She is lovely and photographs well," says the casting director, "but she has no experience."

"How am I going to get experience," questions the young actor, "if you won't give me a chance?"

And today, the casting director answers this query: "Go out and get parts in the Little Theatres around town, and see me later."

AND thus, in sheer desperation, the picture business is turning to this new laboratory of talent, undeveloped and slipshod as it is in its methods, with a hope that it may, in some degree, answer their problem of filling the ever increasing demand for new faces. The studio scouts cover the Little Theatres as religiously as they ever did the Broadway show or the presentation house in the old days.

The serious Little Theatre is a God-send to the young actor. Here he may be tried, be cast in leading roles, recast in comedy roles until his real place in a cast is established. Here he may serve

his apprenticeship and get the feel of a part in his hand, improve his timing of lines, and gain some knowledge of the business of his chosen profession.

APPRENTICESHIP! What has become of that word?

Those sterling old actors who are the backbone of the picture industry could, each one, recount to us years served in apprenticeship before they were given the dignity of recognition or entrusted with any manner of speaking part. They could tell of years spent in the sticks playing in store buildings, ramshackle lodge rooms and barns. They weren't laughed at. It was all a very serious part of their growth, and their present place in the profession will attest its worth to them.

It was from these barns and lodge halls that the great legitimate theatre grew, for it was from these very sticks that the great actors came to Broadway. History is only repeating itself, for as Broadway flourished and the motto seemed "everything goes" the barn and the lodge hall disappeared. Opportunity ran rife and any little girl or boy who had a flare was entrusted with a role. Great producers; Belasco, Hammerstein, would fasten on a protegee and launch her overnight, making a star with one production, and apprenticeship became a lost art. The legitimate theatre rose and grew and expanded until, like the proverbial bubble, it burst.

THE dramatic schools have seen the necessity of teaching the profession by the actual application of the player to the play, and have built for themselves small theatres financially sustained by their tuition fees and to which the admission is free that the students might be assured of that all important factor, the audience reaction.

While colleges and private schools have always had their mid-year "show" and played around with the idea of amateur theatricals, never in their history have they taken the subject as seriously as they are doing now. Colleges have placed on their staff of instructors well-known New York producers and directors, and are turning out into the theatre and the picture business talent of which they may be justly proud, and they are doing it all with the commercial theatre definitely in mind, whereas up to 1930 it was con-

By Lela E. Rogers

sidered recreation and play among them.

IT is estimated that in and around Greater Los Angeles there are one hundred and thirty-four Little Theatre movements and clubs. Sadly enough, many cheap individuals, fascinated by the five to twenty dollars a night taken in through a small admission charge at the door, have rented a building for forty dollars a month, seated it with ninety-nine seats (on time payments), set a regular production cost of seventy-five or a hundred dollars per show to be collected from the author or some individual interested in playing a part, and by so doing have brought the Little Theatre in line with a petty racket. But, even this, cannot rob the activity there of its worth to the actor and author.

WHAT of the young writer? He hasn't a ghost of a show on the Broadway of today. Only the well-known author has a chance of having his work presented. But, in the Little Theatre the new author hears his lines read, finds his play's strength and weaknesses, rewrites, cuts and, when he has a good play, it is often published by one of the better play libraries; thus giving him courage, confidence and recognition.

Several of the Little Theatre movements have been founded by writers for the sole purpose of exploiting the writer only.

PROBABLY the greatest problems in the Little Theatre today are plays and direction. It is difficult to convince a good director that he should come and lend his art to a struggling group of young performers. The limited production possibilities and stage space frighten him, and being commercially minded he hesitates to hazard his reputation, and the playwright with any degree of success to his credit would as soon throw his child to the wolves as his brainchild to the Little Theatre. Therefore, the Little Theatre must struggle

(Continued on Page 17)

For The Good Of Your Soul . . .

“WHAT you need is a change. Go away for a while”. Thus did the old fashioned medical practitioner prescribe when one’s appetite became jaded and he felt “low.” Now, of course, the family physician pumps serums into the patient’s veins, effects some degree of a cure while reaping a greater profit—and he does all this with the feeling that the old formula was a sound one.

With the motion picture player, not only jaded health and poor appetite can be remedied by a change, but something far more important. For the good of his soul, it is a necessity that he get away from the picture manufacturing routine at least one month a year.

PARADOXICALLY, “change” in this case does not mean a vacation away from Hollywood—an escape and a complete disregard for a thing that is a part of the motion picture player’s life. It means, instead, a shift from one phase of the profession to another; a transfer from motion pictures to the theatre. A vacation sometimes is good but work on the stage has the same effect, yet it adds to the player’s ability.

And in addition, there are a number of reasons why this type of change is of great value to the screen luminary. The stage is not a mechanically perfect instrument that disregards human feel-

ings, and insists on the playing of a few lines at a time or an action that takes no longer than a minute or two. Instead the stage requires a definite characterization that must be lived for the complete duration of the play.

A change of environment, a change of work, with little doubt is a stimulant both to mind and body. Here in Hollywood, the screen player is only too apt to get into a rut and stay there.

MORE and more players are realizing the value of returning to the stage for a period each year. They come back, refreshed, alert in mind, and better able to carry on before the camera. I do not mean to suggest that those who remain in pictures fail to do good work, but it is no more than plausible to believe that they would do even better jobs if they took an occasional holiday by playing in the theatre.

There is something fine about taking the written words of the author and turning them into a living character; the careful, even meticulous care, with which a character is developed during rehearsals in the theatre is a healthful contrast to the haphazard methods of the screen where a complete characterization may be changed a few minutes before shooting or even during the shooting itself. Then, too, when a full

By Ivan Simpson

day is devoted to one scene, and the chronological order of events is sacrificed for the mechanized technique of the screen, the player loses perspective of the character.

THERE are other things that enter into the consideration of the theatre as a vacation. There, one or two men write the play, and it is put on the stage just as they have written it. On the screen, as many as four or six may write the story, and the result, many times, is a confused, indefinite characterization, which even then may be further confused by the director’s interpretation, or the cameraman’s lighting.

Particularly for young people, the learning to sustain a part through an entire evening is excellent training. It helps to give them poise and weight. This does not mean stodginess, but grip, command and repose. And the same is good for the older player who may have become stale.

APART from the helpfulness of it is the joy that may be won from such an experience. On the stage, the free-
(Continued on Page 19)

The Little Theatre . . . A Source Of Screen Talent

THERE is much that can be said on the subject of the Little Theatre as a training ground for young players. While the Pasadena Community Playhouse with its present scope and large equipment is outside the field of what is called the Little Theatre movement, we can speak with some knowledge because we experienced all of its problems in our early days.

When Walter Hampden played with us last April, he used these words in speaking of our particular work: “There are now so few places where young persons, ambitious for a dramatic career, can serve an apprenticeship. The question is often raised: from where will our future supply of young actors come? It would be a serious matter, indeed, for the theatre if it were not for the training and experience afforded by such movements as yours . . . As

long as these exist there need be less worry on that score than some appear to feel.”

In endorsing Mr. Hampden’s words, nothing seems more apparent to us, with the sharp decline in the number of road and stock companies, that the popular participation in the art of acting through the Little Theatre is supplying the opportunities thus lost. It is like air rushing into a vacuum.

AS now operated, the Professional Theatre and the motion picture studios do not and cannot hope to meet the needs of a future supply. It is true that the studios each contain a quota of youthful talent, but only a minimum of this quota ever gets a real opportunity for training. The Metropolitan Theatres

By Gillmore Brown

have use only for players already trained and they do not have time to devote to the neophyte.

Besides, both of these dominant branches of dramatic expression have unfortunately come under the blight that has afflicted so many activities—the idea that in acting one can begin at the top. We read of types and personalities being lifted out of obscurity into important roles because they are box office draws, and of tests being made for pictures not so much for artistic qualifications as for photographic values or those elusive factors known as charm or sex appeal.

Now, these conditions will not make for a future supply of good actors.
(Continued on Page 20)

The Screen Guilds’ Magazine

William Penn Adair Rogers

Screen Writers' Guild

THE SCREEN WRITERS' GUILD of

The Authors' League of America

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Studio Deputies Appointed

IN order that the executive board of The Screen Writers' Guild may keep in closer touch with the membership at large, during the past month one deputy was appointed in every studio to represent the board and act in a liaison capacity between itself and the Guild as a whole.

Members now have access to deputies for the following: (a) To report individual complaints; (b) To handle controversies to be handled by the Guild's Conciliation Commission; (c) To report violations of the Guild Code; (d) To handle protests against membership transfers, etc., etc. Once a week, or more often if the circumstances demand, deputies will make reports to Miss Elsie B. Wilkins, Assistant Secretary.

THIS is a service that can be of inestimable value to you as a Guild member. The following members have been appointed as deputies for the studios listed:

Columbia—Sidney Buchman.
Fox Western Ave.—Allen Rivkin.
M. G. M.—Bernard Schubert.
Independent Studios—Al Martin and Mary McCarthy.
Paramount—Charles Brackett.
R. K. O.—Joel Sayre.
Reliance—Ralph Block.
20th Century-Fox—Gladys Lehman.
Walter Wanger—Dore Scharly.
Warner Bros.—Ben Markson.
Universal—Doris Malloy.

Writers' Advertising

DURING the past month many writers included the line "Member of The Screen Writers' Guild" in their advertisements which appeared in trade publications. The constant repetition of this statement has materially aided in making the industry aware of the fact that more than ninety percent of the writers are members of The Guild.

It's a simple matter to insert the line in your advertising copy. It doesn't cost you a cent more, yet it is of great value to The Guild since constant repetition enhances the importance of the organization.

In Memoriam
Carl Erickson

Stenographic Service Useful

INAUGURATED last month, already many Guilders have availed themselves of the saving effected through the stenographic service arrangement. The Guild is in a position to furnish stenographers or secretaries, handle the typing and mimeographing of material, and, in short, to furnish any stenographic service at a discount. The combined purchasing power of the organization as a whole makes this saving to individual members possible.

To avail yourself of this feature, call the Guild office, GL 4181, and your requirements will be attended to promptly.

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Publicity Committee Appointed

BEN Markson and Allen Rivkin have been appointed as a publicity committee for The Guild. They will serve as contact between The Guild and the press.

Tax Deductions

TREASURER John Grey advises you to keep a record of dues and assessments paid to The Guild. These can be deducted from your income as part of your necessary business expense.

IMPORTANT: Report any change in your motion picture income immediately to the Finance Committee, in order that your classification may be reconsidered.

Correct Address Important

THE Guild often is of service to its members in relaying to them studio and agent's calls of offers of assignments. However, during the past month, several such calls could not be delivered because the members had failed to inform the office of their new addresses and telephone numbers.

For your own benefit, therefore, please give The Guild your new telephone number and address immediately. The information is kept strictly confidential.

Screen Actors' Guild

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C. Henry Gordon Murray Kinnell
Ivan Simpson

Not Certified Manager

THE following information has been relayed to us by Actors' Equity Association, having been received by it from the British Actors' Equity Association:

"Equity Council consider it necessary to inform immediately the members that Mr. J. L. Sacks who has been advertised as the manager for the play 'Royal Exchange' is not a certified manager in accordance with the rules of the London Theatre Council, members of Equity should not therefore enter into any contract with this manager until authorized to do so by the Council of Equity. Please inform your members and also members of Screen Actors' Guild, Equity Council, London."

269,872 Admissions

BUSINESS at the Motion Picture Hall of Fame at the San Diego Exposition continues to breeze along in a fashion that indicates a very pleasing dividend check for the Screen Actors' Guild when the Exposition closes in November.

Considerably more than a quarter of a million people have visited the film building, 269,872, to be exact, at this writing. Some idea of the popularity of the exhibit may be gained from the fact that 100,000 people paid admission the first 46 days of the Fair, but it took only 36 days to bring in the second 100,000. With business increasing and two and a half more months to go, the early estimate of 500,000 paid admissions to the film building seems fairly accurate.

ONE of the most popular features of the entire exhibit has turned out to be the puppet show in which the puppets are replicas of film stars. An additional ten cents is charged to see this show. Even so, as many as fifteen hundred people a day have been seeing it. The puppet show was given with no extra charge for the first two months.

Film celebrities continue to lend their presence to the film building, to the de-

light of the visitors. Among the most recent film visitors who have helped entertain on the sound stage are Joe E. Brown, who was also special guest of the Fair; Boris Karloff, Binnie Barnes, Helen Twelvetrees, Clarence Muse and Louise Beavers.

Magazine Committee Functioning

A COMMITTEE consisting of Ivan Simpson, Murray Kinnell and C. Henry Gordon has been appointed to function as the Magazine Advisory Committee of the Screen Actors' Guild. Collaborating with a similar committee from The Screen Writers' Guild, it will determine policy, and pass on material which appears in your publication.

The combined committees met during the past month and material for this issue was considered. The two groups will continue their meetings from time to time, and will strive to make this a more representative publication.

It is requested that any member who has constructive criticisms or suggestions contact either Mr. Simpson, Mr. Kinnell or Mr. Gordon and the matter will be considered at a meeting of the combined committees. As a Guild member, this is your publication, and the committee will put forth every effort to make it of value to you.

The Junior Guild

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Success of Dance Assured

AT the time of going to press, the Dinner Dance is certain of success, at least financially. The advance ticket sales have reached all expectations. A complete report on the dance will be contained in the next issue of the magazine.

Kieffer On Board

MAJOR Philip J. Kieffer has accepted an appointment to the Board of Directors. He replaces Orie Robertson who resigned.

(Guild News Continued on Next Page)

The Junior Guild

Florence Wix Back

FLORENCE Wix, who was very active in the Junior Guild before she left for a vacation in Europe five months ago, returned September 7. She spent most of the time in England visiting her relatives.

Baseball Team

RED Burger has put the Screen Actors' Guild baseball team on the map, and it is considered one of the best semi-pro nines in Southern California. Even though the team has had one of the toughest schedules of any club to date, its percentage at the time of this writing is well above six hundred, which is a championship rating in any league.

On August 25, the Guild's team met Paramount in the type of a baseball game that fans talk about for years after. It went three extra innings before Paramount managed to nose out a 2 to 1 victory. Hard fought all the

way, members can be proud of the showing of their team for the entire twelve innings of the contest.

RED has had a long baseball career. He won his spurs at the old Los Angeles Ball Park, at Washington and Hill streets. From there he went to the majors, where he played his first big league ball with the Chicago Cubs as a pitcher, later continuing with the Washington Senators. After a time, his arm went bad and he was switched to first base. He plays that position now on the Screen Actors' Guild team.

Red has organized several clubs in the semi-pro leagues. For three years he piloted the Southern California Edison nine. During that time, the organization won first place in its league. As manager, he has had the honor of sending eighteen players to the major leagues, and he has four prospects that he expects to go to the majors within the next two years. Already, he has been approached on two of his players.

ise will be given a chance to play with the team.

Moral support, too, is requested from all Guild members and their friends. All are invited to attend and cheer the Guild team on to victory.

In the next few days, the team will turn out completely equipped with uniforms. Members of the Guild have donated the money to equip the players.

Petit Points

By Eric "Dutch" Petit

FOREWORD: To give the Junior Guild member just recognition for fine performances, and to call fine work to the attention of fellow workers, this column is dedicated. It shall be the effort of this writer to tell of members who do nice bits, and by so listing, to bring about better and more work from and for members.

Should any member accomplish something worthy, or should he feel that deserved credit can be given to a fellow worker through this column, he should call the Guild office and the information will be relayed.

It is anticipated to make this column purely constructive. This can be, and should be, the individual voice of every member of the Junior Guild. With the cooperation of each member, this can be made worthwhile, both to the organization and as reading matter.

•

HARVEY Parry, who is recognized as one of the best stunt men in pictures, again is working with James Cagney in "Frisco Kid." He just finished the part of Joe Delancey in the current release, "The Irish In Us," and his work as Cagney's opponent in the fight sequence, pleased Director Lloyd Bacon. As a result, Harvey received the return engagement. Keep up the good work.

After thirteen years in pictures, Cy Tucker received his first call back last week from Ben Silvey, Roy Del Ruth's able assistant. The picture was "Thanks a Million." So we repeat what Cy said, "Thanks a Million, Ben Silvey."

WE take off our hats to Mary Gordon for a lovely performance as Mother O'Hara in "The Irish In Us." She is well on her way now that this picture has had its national release.

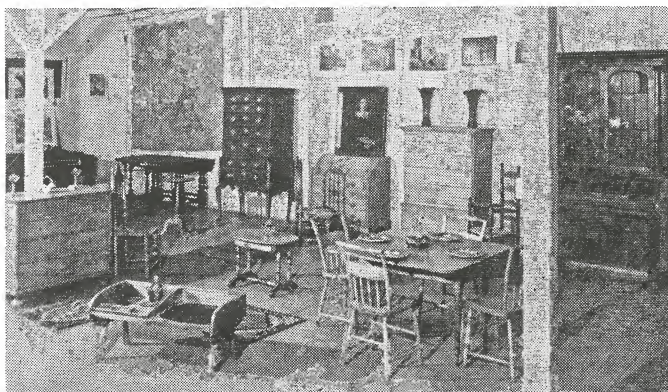
George Scott R.
FRANK and DUNLAP
Agency

1626 Vine Street

Hillside 3188 Hollywood, Calif.

THE matter of a home ground will be settled in a very few days, and its location will be announced in the local newspapers. Nate Edwards, the secretary of the club, and Burger have considered many spots in Southern California, but at the time of this writing they are closing a deal for a Beverly Hills location.

As soon as negotiations are completed, a call will be made for new players to join in the Sunday morning practice sessions. Those showing prom-

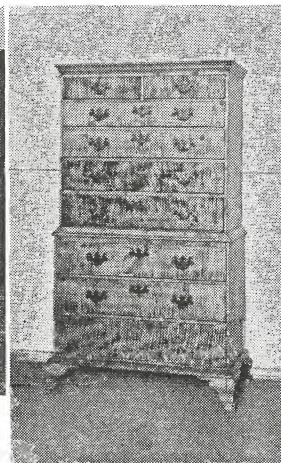


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Curly Maple Chest-on-Chest (Circa 1770)

Lowdown On London

AUSTIN Parker is back here and will script the next Jack Buchanan flicker . . . will probably be a re-make of "When Knights Were Bold" . . . Tim Whelan megged the silent version here some years ago . . . looks like Fay Wray will get the lead opposite Jack again; British and Dominions are very happy about her work in "Come Out of the Pantry" the Duer Miller story . . . lovely little Jean Parker, one of the London Films raves; they all think Jean swell . . . there is a well known scribbler just got back from a European jaunt who admits he was on a Venetian Blind!

Some of the American "delivery" of lines in the "Crusaders" caused snickers at the Carlton preview . . . we're funny that way! . . . Johnnie Monk Saunders a fully fledged meg-wielder here now . . . it is not true that Cyril Gardner has shares in the Mayfair Hotel!! . . . rumour has it that Shirley Grey, here for one pic, will "I do" to actor Arthur Margetson whom she met on location with the "Marie Celeste" movie starring Bela Lugosi.

LANDS sake it gets more and more like old home week in this burg . . . the Hollywoodians that one meets at the Savoy Grill would fill the Troc, Brown Derby and Vendome (adverts!!) . . . Billy Wilkerson's Bud Josephs is in town for the "Reporter" now; seems Billy figures there is enough filmic talent here now to start a British trade sheet . . . ho hum, that young Californian actress who is doing all right for herself here is referred to as a "Keptomaniac"!!! . . .

Have you heard Noel Coward's recording of "Love in Bloom"? . . . sort of different treatment to Bing's arrangement of the same number . . . that well known dancer director with the matador's cloak for a reputation (it's so red!) is now called a G-string man . . . but maybe you've heard that before?

WELLS Root gathered quite a tidy spot of publicity here (for a scribbler!) and did right by the authors too, by boosting their cinematic importance. The Bergner's next film here will be "St. Joan" with husband Paul Czin-ner at the directorial helm . . . that's a pretty nice set-up that Herbert Wilcox

By John Paddy Carstairs

and C. M. Woolfe have . . . "Blue Lagoon" in color is one subject and it's a pip.

It must be recorded that producers here really are beginning to appreciate the value of good properties . . . we live and learn folks, but sometimes the learning takes a powerful long time!!

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Screen Writers' Assignments . . .

KEY

- O.—Original Story.
A.—Adaptation.
C.—Continuity.
D.—Dialogue.
L.—Lyrics.
M.—Music.
*—In Collaboration.

Adamson, Ewart—Chesterfield.
"Synthetic Lady" A, C, D.
R. K. O.—Ruth Etting Musical O, A, C, D.
Warner Bros.—"The Walking Dead" O*, A, D.
Avery, Stephen Morehouse—20th Century-Fox
Untitled Story O, A, C, D.
Bachmann, Larry—R. K. O.
"Death Fighters" O.
Belden, Charles—Warner Bros.
"Meet the Duchess" A, C, D.
Barringer, Barry—Talisman Studio. (Ambassador Pict.) "Blood Law" A, C, D.
Talisman Studio (Conn Pict.) "Valley of Wanted Men" O, A, C, D.
Bartlett, Sy—Universal.
"Her Excellency the Governor" A*, C*, D*.
Block, Ralph—Reliance.
"Last of the Mohicans" C*, D*.
Brackett, Charles—Paramount.
"Easy Living" C*, D*.
Branch, Houston—Universal.
"Tomorrow Is a Better Day" A*, C*, D*.
Breslow, Lou—20th Cent.-Fox.
"The Immigrant" O*, A*, C*, D*.
Butler, Frank—Paramount.
"Coronado" A*, C*, D*.
"Opera vs. Jazz" A*, C*, D*.
Carstairs, John Paddy—Paragon Pict.
"Barbe de Bayou" A, C, D.
Crusade Films—"A Lot of Irish" A, C, D.
Chanslor, Roy—Warner Bros.
"Private Nurse" O, A, C, D.
Clark, Harry—Universal.
"His Night Out" A*, C*, D*.
Cohen, Albert J.—Universal.
"Killers on Parole" A*, C*, D*.
"The Amateur Racket" O*.
Cooper, Olive—Mascot.
"Confidential" D.
Daves, Delmar—Warner Bros.
"The Petrified Forest" A, C, D.
Darling, Scott—Mascot.
"A Thousand Dollars a Minute" A*.
Dolan, Frank—M.G.M.
"Living in a Big Way" A, C, D.
Dunne, Philip—Reliance-United Artists.
"The Melody Lingers On" C*, D*.
"The Last of the Mohicans" C*, D*.
Eliscu, Edward—Fox.
"The Immigrant" A*, C*, D*.
"Little Rebel" L.
Felton, Earl—Warner Bros. ---
"Freshman Love" O, A*.
Fields, Joseph—Mascot.
"A Thousand Dollars a Minute" A*, D.
Fields, Herbert—Paramount.
"The Duchess" A, C, D.
"The Bouncer" A*, C*, D*.
Finkel, Abem—Warner Bros.
"Legionnaire" C*, D*.
Gow, James—R.K.O.
"Believe It, Beloved" A*, C*, D*.
Gibney, Sheridan—Warner Bros.
"The Green Pastures" A*, C*, D*.
Gilbert, L. Wolfe—Universal.
"The Cut-In" O, M, L*.
Glasmon, Kubec—20th Cent.-Fox.
"Snatched" O, A, C, D.

Goodrich, Frances—M.G.M.
"Rose Marie" C, D.
Graham, Garrett—R.K.O.
"It Happened In Hollywood" A, C, D.
Grant, James Edward—Walter Wanger.
"Big Brown Eyes" O, A, C, D.
Greene, Eve—Paramount.
"Easy Living" A*, C*, D*.
Grey, John—R.K.O.
Ed Kennedy Comedy O, A, C, D.
Gruen, James—Mascot.
"The Leathernecks Have Landed" O, A, C, D.
Haines, William W.—Warner Bros.
"Country Boy" A, C, D.
Hartman, Don—Paramount.
"Opera vs. Jazz" O*, A*, C*, D*.
Hayward, Lillie—Warner Bros.
"Lucky Me" A, C, D.
Hazard, Lawrence—M.G.M.
"Ma Pettengill" A, C, D.
Herbert, F. Hugh—Warner Bros.
"Caesar's Wife" A, C, D.
Herzig, Sid—Paramount.
"Millions in the Air" O*, A*, C*, D*.
Hooker, Brian—Paramount.
"Coronado" A*, C*, D*.
"Anything Goes" L.
Hutchison, Jerry—R.K.O.
"White Heat" A*, C*, D*.
Johnson, Nunnally—20th Cent.-Fox.
"Shark Island" A, C, D.
Karnopp, A. J.—Imperio Aztec Films.
"Santa Fe Way" O, C, D.
Kraly, Hans—Universal.
"Sing Me a Love Song" A*.
Kenyon, Charles—Warner Bros.
"Petrified Forest" A, C, D.
Levin, Sonya—20th Cent.-Fox.
"The Immigrant" O*, A*, C*, D*.
Untitled Story—Dionne Quint. O.
Lipscomb, W. P.—20th Cent.-Fox.
"Message to Garcia" O, A, C, D.
Lee, Robert N.—R.K.O.
"Ivanhoe" A, C, D.
Loeb, Lee—Columbia.
"Week End Lady" O*, A*, C*, D*.
Malloy, Doris—Universal.
"His Night Out" A*, C*, D*.
Milne, Peter—Warner Bros.
"Miss Pacific Fleet" A*, C*, D*.
MacDonald, Wallace—Republic-Mascot.
"Hitch-Hike Lady" O, A*, L.
Markson, Ben—Warner Bros.
"Let's Pretend" O*, A*, C*, D*.
Markey, Gene—20th Cent.-Fox.
"King of Burlesque" A, C, D.
Martin, Al—Victory Prod.
"One Thrilling Day" O, A, C, D.
Miller, Alice D. G.—Paramount.
"Easy Living" A, C, D*.
Mintz, Sam—R.K.O.
"Long Ago Ladies" A, C, D.
Morgan, Ainsworth—M.G.M.
"The Gorgeous Hussy" A, C, D.
Niblo, Fred Jr.—Columbia.
"Song of the Damned" A*, C*, D*.
North, Edmund—R. K. O.
"Believe It, Beloved" A*, C*, D*.
Orkow, Harrison—George Jessel-Arch Selwyn.
"They Shoot Horses, Don't They" A.
Parsons, Lindsley—Republic.
"Custer's Last Ride" O, A, C, D.
"G-Men of the 90's" A*.
Partos, Frank—Paramount.
"The Old Maid" A*, C*, D*.
Reed, Tom—Warner Bros.
"Stiletto" O, A, C, D.
Rivkin, Allen—20th Cent.-Fox.
"Your Uncle Dudley" C, D.

Smith, Paul Gerard—Paramount.
"Untitled" A*, C*, D*.
"F Men" A*, C*, D*.
"From Little Acorns" A, C, D.
Schubert, Bernard—M.G.M.
"Kind Lady" A, C, D.
Sauber, Harry—Warner Bros.
"Let's Pretend" A*, C*, D*.
Sayre, Joel—R.K.O.
"Shooting Star" C*, D*.
Schary, Dore—Walter Wanger.
"Her Master's Voice" A*, C*, D*.
Shannon, Robert—Universal.
"The Amateur Racket" O*.
Storm, Jane—Paramount.
"Millions in the Air" O*, A*, C*, D*.
Starling, Lynn—M.G.M.
"Designed for Women" A*, C*, D*.
Taylor, Dwight—R.K.O.
"Follow the Fleet" A, C, D.
Thompson, Harlan—Paramount.
"The Bouncer" O, A, C, D, L.
"It's A Great Life" O, A, C, D, L.
Traub, Joe—Warner Bros.
"South Sea Sam" O, A, C, D.
Twist, John—R.K.O.
"Annie Oakley" C*, D*.
Ullman, Elwood—R.K.O.
Untitled Short O.
Ulman, Wm. A. Jr.—Mascot.
"Hitch-Hike Lady" A*.
Wead, Frank—Warner Bros.
"Ceiling Zero" A, C, D.
Winterstein, Franz—Universal.
"Sing Me A Love Song" A*.
Wilson, Carey—M.G.M.
"Tish" A*, C*, D*.
Wrubel, Allie—Warner Bros.
"I Live For Love" M*.
"Broadway Hostess" M*.

Books, Plays, Articles, Stories

Beranger, Clara—"Life of Leslie Howard"
Liberty Magazine. "Private Life of Ed
Wynn" Liberty Magazine.
Blochman, L. G.—"Screen Test", Street &
Smith's Complete Magazine—Story.
Carstairs, John Paddy—"Miracle in Lambeth"
Daily Herald; Article, Woman's Home Jour-
nal.
McConville, Edward—"The Gentleman on
Horseback", Traynor Lane Publishers—
Novel.
Outerson, Capt. Wm.—"Naked Shingles",
London Express; "Round the Horn" London
Express.
Smith, Paul Gerard—"Mad Marriage" Aleck
Yokel—Play.
Ullman, Elwood—"Credit Man" Judge.
Wead, Frank—"Ceiling Zero" Samuel French,
Gilbert Miller Prod.

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Scraps of Paper -- Assets of An Industry

(Continued from Page 1)

run, from the lack of protection afforded those scraps of paper, it might as well be a honky-tonk, a ninety day proposition, a quick gamble that is going to fold up in the morning.

The Producers Association that might have become a veritable institution of ethical procedure, between producer and producer, and producer and artist is a joke. What with its 'gentleman's agreement', which all the gentlemen seem to take pleasure in violating, and what with the practice of those gentlemen running out upon the association at the slightest excuse or provocation, it certainly tends neither to dignity, confidence nor ethics.

THE Academy is a joke. There if ever was an opportunity to create a permanent tribunal of high ethics and fair play between producer and artist. And what happened? The producers used it as a pot in which to stew their little political potatoes. They polluted its high principles and used it for subversive purposes until, at a time of crisis, talent—actor and writer alike—having lost all faith and confidence in it, walked out—en masse.

Those actors and writers regard this

industry, not as a honky-tonk, not as a racket, but as a serious business. For them it has to be a serious business. It is their bread and butter, their careers, their art, their very life.

Because of this, they formed the Guilds—The Screen Actors' and the Screen Writers' Guild—pledging themselves one to another in a contract the very essence of which is honesty and fair play.

THERE, in those Guilds, are the real assets of the motion picture business, the creators who ARE the motion picture business, the entities of those invaluable scraps of paper.

How better could those scraps of paper be protected by the disciplinary machinery which the law and order of the Guilds gives both artist and offers the producer. But needless to say the producers, with their customary shortsightedness and their honky-tonk viewpoint, have fought the Guilds tooth and nail.

How long will it be before they realize that the Guilds afford them the surest and safest protection for those little scraps of paper which incidentally are their meal-tickets too?

The Beginning

(Continued from Page 1)

TWENTIETH Century-Fox, after "a year-long study of costs and efficiency", has found it wise to adopt one of the major portions of the "Report and Argument in Support of Adoption of a Set of Fair Practices Governing Relations Between Producers and Actors Pursuant To Article VB, Part 4A," the brief submitted to the National Recovery Administration and signed by Robert Montgomery, Claude King, Ralph Morgan, Kenneth Thomson and Richard Tucker, all members of the Actor-Producer Five-Five Committee. It's history now, but it might be interesting to repeat some of the observations contained in that brief which was submitted to the N.R.A.

"In the year 1934, in the United States of America, to be forced to argue that the limitation of hours of labor is just, is like arguing that two plus two make four . . . Every large industry has submitted to reasonable regulation of hours of labor. The motion picture industry should be no different. In the interest of health alone, the government should insist on this provision.

“ORIGINALLY motion pictures were made while the sun-light lasted, and with the setting of the sun, the actor went home. When Kleig lights were perfected, it made it possible to work at night, but in the days of silent pictures, night work was rare. Then sound burst upon a startled industry. There were few sound stages, and work went on night and day to utilize the equipment. . . Happily, this period of confusion is now over, and the equipment is adequate. The practices then inaugurated, however, have continued. . .

“ . . . It seems fairly obvious that these practices, which crept into the business in the rush to make sound pictures, should have gone out with the building of sufficient stages. Since the industry has not eliminated them in the five years which have elapsed, regulation seems necessary to force their discontinuance.

“The producer members of the committee advanced a number of arguments against any regulation of hours which we shall now consider.

“The first contention is that actors do not work excessive hours. If this is true there should be no objection to regulation. Of course, it is not the fact. The personal experience of every actor member of the committee is against it, and we have consulted many other actors . . . Our discussions showed that stars and supporting cast were unanimous in agreeing that limitation of hours was the prime necessity . . .

“THE producers' fourth contention is that restriction of working hours means increase of production costs. The old songs are the best. The same argument was made when the ten hour day was first proposed for the steel industry. Moreover, costs will not be increased. Several classes of costs would be affected—contract players, free lance players, and other labor. No more hours would be required for shooting. They would be merely spread over more days.

“Contract players do not work every day. Spreading their work over more days will not increase the costs. Free lance players would perhaps cost more. Day players would cost no more, because their present status, time for overtime, would be unaffected. Other labor would cost less because it now receives time and a half for overtime.

“Moreover, an actor cannot do his best work after a long stretch, certainly not if the stretches come successively. The increase in efficiency would help production . . . Careful planning will enable them to handle limitation of hours for all actors without extra cost. Finally, if an industry cannot get along with a reasonable limitation on hours, there is something wrong with the management. . . . We venture to predict that the adoption of the proposed rules will make for more efficient production with no greater cost.”

THE truth of the last statement, apparently, has been realized by Twentieth Century-Fox, and its able production manager, Mr. Ebele. However, we venture to say that his analysis brought out many other features that were included in the Five-Five Committee brief, such as the following statements, taken at random:

“Actors are not trying to increase their compensation by limiting hours; they are trying to protect their health and their ability to do good work . . . Where a free lance player is hired for a week's work and is required to work sixteen hours a day every day during the week, it is no answer to tell him that he has not worked for four weeks prior thereto. He cannot do himself justice in the part, he hurts the picture, and he hurts his health . . . ”

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The Critics Reply Cont'd

(Continued From Page 4)

generally ends up by remarking merely that the story is well written or that the settings are remarkably good . . .

" . . . Nor is it a fact, in my humble opinion, that an excellent bit of screen writing, even in the hands of a good director, will result in an excellent film. The reason for this is not hard to see.

the next time they see a good picture, will give some thought to the writer who created the lines and situations and let him share a bit in the praises they heap upon the actor who played them."

C. H. NELSON, of the Rockford Morning Star, Rockford, Ill., asks in a letter, "Are the studios fearful of building up a reputation for their writers?" And he concludes with:

"Hire a good publicity agent or salve the palm of the press book scribblers—or send the critics of the country on a free trip to California—or start a fan magazine; but no matter how you do it, get out of the rut of anonymity, or whatever the word is."

A LETTER from Roger S. Brown of the Daily Argus-Leader, Sioux Falls, S. D., contains the following suggestion:

"It is my understanding that a player's contract carries some kind of clause relative to billing. I cannot see why the Writers' Guild is not strong enough to demand some such agreement.

"Also, I believe that a direct appeal to motion picture critics on the basis of one 'brother' to another may result in more publicity for the writers.

"THE movies carried over from silent days a large number of players who were hot stuff at the box-office but hardly of Shakespearean stature. Most of these players are still active, are still hot stuff at the boxoffice, and are still babes in the woods of spoken drama. I could name you a dozen who could take the best scene ever written by Eugene O'Neill, George Bernard Shaw or any other author of proven genius and make it sound like a night in the Peoria little theatre.

"Against these eye-filling enemies of the spoken word Mr. Pascal and his tribe have a good case, but pending some growth on the part of the cinema audience there seems little they can do but sit quietly at their creative typewriters and take it."

"IT is a manifestly unfair situation," so says Dennis R. Smith in his column article in The Canton Repository, Canton, Ohio. "It is not likely that much will be done about it. Reviewers in this column and others should be directed by a common sense of fairness to credit a writer's good work just as naturally as they compliment the good performance of a player or the workmanship of a director.

"It is well, also, to call attention of patrons to the matter. Perhaps a few,

"THE Public needs to be sold on the writers and I believe that a planned program of publicity will accomplish it just the same as has been done for the players. Fiction and non-fiction writers are widely publicized by the publishing houses.

"The studios pay good money (or should) for good writers. They should be anxious to capitalize on their investment by telling the public what writing stars they have on their staffs. Without good writers the screen is at a standstill despite the best acting and directing talent in the world.

"A campaign of education through publicity and more publicity is, in my mind, the key to the solution of your grave problem."

Why Little Theatres?

(Continued From Page 7)

along as best it can with its new authors and inexperienced directors. It is a marvel that out of such restrictions they have attained any degree of success.

It seems the delight of some of the newspaper reviewers to attend these Little Theatre plays and leave their sense of proportion at home. Instead of valuing the production, direction and performances on the merits of their presentation by beginners in all departments, they reach in their bag of tricks and heap upon the struggling novices a criticism that would do justice to a Broadway production; humiliating, discouraging. All too few are the reviewers who flavor their notices with kind consideration for the purpose and aim in the effort expended.

It is not to laugh at the Little Theatre, it is to appreciate it, and realize that it is in the Little Theatre of today that the great actor of tomorrow will serve his apprenticeship.

Little Orphan Theatre

(Continued From Page 5)

Even now there are many important actors and writers who realize the necessity of doing a play every so often to lift themselves out of the Hollywood rut. To do so they are willing to move themselves and their families to New York and interrupt their picture careers for extended periods.

How much simpler it would be, if actors could act and writers would write without the necessity of such a major upheaval.

CERTAINLY authors would rather have their plays tried out by an organization such as has been outlined than to expose them to the onslaughts of the average summer stock company. A production here would in no way interfere with the play's eventual debut

on Broadway. In fact, it might bring about that very thing, in these days when movie money is lighting most of New York's marquees.

It is of equal importance to the actor to be seen by the cinemoguls. This is the lure which at present makes so many willing to work in most any kind of a show at most any kind of a salary—or even none at all.

How much better if that "someone from the studio" could see them to the best advantage in a well written, well directed, well produced professional production.

HOW much better if the zealous groups of drama lovers who are constantly springing up with high hopes and limited resources could amalgamate their forces under the leadership of the Guilds and have a part in creating a really important theatre.

How much better for the community to have a theatre that would attract adult intelligences instead of adolescent autograph hounds.

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Theatrical Dusk in Los Angeles

(Continued from Page 6)

when the movies commenced to invade the legitimate theatre with their premiers. That was simply a manifestation of the rising prominence of a form of entertainment that already had a deep hold on throngs of people.

Still the old silent film could not be considered dangerous. It was too different, too limited in scope. No threat, anyway, in New York, where money was beginning to roll into the box-offices, where the road no longer mattered, where sporadic activities in play production outside of the citadel of the theatre, were something to be encouraged a little, but not significant.

HOWEVER, the handwriting might have been read just the same. What was happening nationally was in imminent danger of transpiring right in New York itself—some day. The stage audience had been lost in the provinces. The theatre was no longer a vital thing with them. But what did it count? However, that wasn't foreseeing conditions that might prevail after 1929.

After all, a goodly proportion of New York audiences must always come from the provinces. The butter-and-egg men were always good ticket buyers. Their taste for the theatre was well cultivated as long as they were making regular trips East each year. They rushed to the shows.

But through it all the stage had been placed in the class of a luxury. It wasn't something that had an intrinsic relation to national life. In a pinch, it could be easily eliminated from the budget. The motion picture supplied the same result almost as efficaciously for the ordinary individual.

THERE is no disguising therefore the far-spread situation that exists in the theatre. Audiences lost, playwrights lost, actors lost—the sequence has gone on and on, with nothing to stem its progress. The Twilight of the Gods of other footlight years prevails, and the far-flung dusk is but reflected in the local marts, even as it is, though resistingly, in the supreme show trading center itself.

There are no long runs and won't be here, until a new spirit finds itself, and until the general outlook in business and finance has so improved as to permit people animatedly to partake of luxuries. Furthermore there are abuses that have crept in that will require a broad remedying—such nefarious things as the cut-rating of tickets to the degree where a theatrical attraction today is almost a give-away. It must be said in compliment to Henry Duffy that through all this surreptitious slashing of ticket prices he has stood his ground, and held for a legitimate theatre that is legitimate in its seat-methods.

THERE are plays to be written—many of them, and plays to be produced here in days to come that will perhaps create new theatrical chronicles. Another wave of prosperity in this section should see the theatre rising very brilliantly. First glimmerings might even be detected now, although they are rather too elusive for discussion.

In the heart of the people, at least, there exists a fundamental love of the make-believe. No one can view a map, dotted as is that of Southern California with community theatres and feel that the devotion to doing and creating in the playshop has ceased. Similarly the summer theatres around New York are a hopeful sign. They are the expression of the wish, and furthermore at both extremes of the continent they are coming to mean something in the larger scheme of play-giving.

Unique, especially, are the accomplishments of the Pasadena Community Playhouse, with its scope that takes in first production of Eugene O'Neill's "Lazurus Laughed" and the entire series of "Shakespearean Chronicle Plays." Also at this same place was offered the first performance of "Cavalcade" (the play) in the United States. Many other premiers, many presentations of exceptional New York attrac-

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tions are given here. Lacking simply the professional stamp, officially tendered, it carries out in a much broader manner activities for which an Oliver Morosco or Thomas Wilkes were responsible in the old days. And they could hardly be imagined as undertaking anything comparable with the Chronicle play series.

CRADLED here were various successful writers for stage and screen, and numerous players. The theatre is now regarded as a source of movie discoveries. Practically every production is scouted by the studios for possible talent, or available material for filming.

As much as any institution—more in fact—the Pasadena Playhouse was responsible for the so-called “show-window” development in the community theatre realm. Other theatres here of this character have thrived because of the possible chance of attracting movie interest. It’s a case of putting the theatre to strange uses from the standpoint of the traditionalist, but anything that helps to keep alive the flesh-and-blood drama should be exonerated and supported. And from the professionals these same theatres have derived very marked support.

DAWN has been lurking for some time. It isn’t possible that an expression which has thrived for centuries will be crushed or submerged by modern mechanical progress. Of course, the terrible phantom that stalks is that *it might be*. Indeed, if it ever quivered in the balance, the theatre does so tremble nowadays. All the attacks of the Puritans couldn’t equal the economic onslaught and the sense of forgetfulness of its glories which has crept over a national populace.

Possibly television will turn out to be a mechanical aid for the drama. It is still a mechanical thing, like movies and radio, but more direct. Perhaps, after all, the will to see, to feel and to sense as one does in the theatre will persist, and be renewed, because of a sort of primal desire which seems so determinedly at the root of the activity in the community playhouse.

ONE can’t believe that the sheer form of the play will die, that the models will be lost, that as long as a book of Shakespeare exists, the spoken drama will vanish entirely. It must necessarily accommodate itself to changed conditions, but its fundamental life spark has so far been amazingly eternal.

Rather to preserve that life it would seem necessary to create, not for the

moment, but for the perpetuation of what is created. Whenever the theatre sinks to its greatest depths it seems to be revived by some Shakespearean cycle. Always it has been given new impetus by the highly literary dramatist. The need today is for fine writing, and great writing for the theatre—a type of writing that will not simply attempt a stunt in the form of a play, but will view the theatre as a crucible for the blending and fusing of the best elements of thought and inspiration and creative daring.

For the Good of Your Soul

(Continued from Page 8)

dom of movement and the relief from knowing that a slip in a line or word will call forth the curt “cut” should be sufficient to compensate many players for the trouble involved in the change.

The rising of the curtain on the first night is a thrill never to be forgotten, be it your first or your fiftieth “first night”; while going before the camera can become a nerve-racking ordeal at each instance if one is sensitive, sincere and earnest.

THEN there is another factor to make one consider returning to the stage. This has to do with preparedness. From recent accounts, the theatre in England is definitely coming back. A like trend almost certainly will happen in this country. Those who are lucky enough to have worked in the theatre recently will be in demand. It would be wise for those who are not mighty in pictures to place themselves in line for the lesser but perhaps more substantial and lasting good prospects in the theatre.

But most important is the necessity of an occasional excursion into the theatre by the motion picture player for the good of his soul.

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The Little Theatre - -

A Source Of Screen Talent

(Continued From Page 8)

More than one thinking artist of the stage and screen has envisioned this and, loving the traditions of a noble art, has warned its members that the stage and the screen are fast using up their artistic capital and doing little to replace it.

THE system prevailing in the screen branch does not take care of the situation. It doesn't train the young player in the power of sustained characterization that is an essential in work for the stage. Acting done for motion pictures is done piecemeal.

Evidence that the need of better training is felt within the studios themselves is found in the current practice of privately presented plays on a stage under a capable director of stage experience, and using the studios' young players. I understand some studios have the equivalent of a Little Theatre within their own walls. But for the vast majority interested in acting the difficulty of getting inside the walls, either of the studios or the Theatres, is insurmountable.

And yet, is it not likely that in the wide field barred from such opportunity there may be a young Edwin Booth or Ellen Terry in embryo? (Incidentally, it is a most interesting matter which stirs our pride that two of the students in our School are scions of the towering Booth and the glorious Terry.)

THERE are some half a hundred Little Theatres in Southern California alone. The number in the country, including university and school departments, probably runs into several thousand. The interest of vast numbers in all that pertains to the art of acting which this connotes, removes from our mind any worry about the future supply of theatrical talent—provided, of course, economic conditions permit it to find expression as a livelihood.

The large number of dramatic departments in our universities and high schools are the direct outgrowth of the Little Theatre movement. When this movement sprang into existence, the schools saw the popular demand for education along these lines and set up their agencies to meet it. And out of that academic expansion came the famous Harvard 47 Workshop, which developed such authors as Eugene O'Neill and Philip Barry. And his training

completed there, Mr. O'Neill gained recognition in the Little Theatre known as the Provincetown. Out of that small and humble institution grew the present New York Theatre Guild.

WE owe to the Little Theatre a debt for our Ann Harding, and we in Pasadena are rather proud of many of the one hundred or more we have given to professional life including Victor Jory, Samuel Hinds, Mary Mason, Gloria Stuart, Karen Morley, Randolph Scott, Lloyd Nolan, Douglass Montgomery, Stuart Irwin, Robert Young, Agnes DeMille, Ingeborg Torrup, Onslow Stevens, Donald Novis, Helen Jerome Eddy, Claudia Morgan and many others.

Perhaps we can score a telling point in our argument by citing particularly the case of Mr. Hinds. From a recent newspaper item we learn that Mr. Hinds just has finished his eighty-first picture in two and a half years, a record which to embellish in our poor words would be a work of supererogation. We merely remark that evidently Mr. Hinds had a good training, and that it is proving itself.

IT was from the Little Theatre those fine exemplars of the new school of designers, Robert Edmond Jones and Norman Bel Geddes, came into their well deserved prominence; from the same source (Coach Players) the world first learned of the brilliant writer, Paul Green; and from the Little Theatre came the history-making plays, "Journey's End" and "Emperor Jones."

Only from the grueling tasks of the many-sided work of actual production, of audience reaction in their own eyes and ears, can the young actors get a true sense of dramatic values, and have their creative imaginations so stimulated. Of far greater value than anything to be learned by merely watching trained actors is this experience.

Every established player owes it to his art to encourage this movement. Let him not be influenced by any feeling of fear or jealousy. Presently, we believe, television will vastly expand the drama, and the demand for capable players will be far greater even than now. The field will be greater than ever, and perhaps greater than our imaginations can now envision.



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